

THE
LADIES'
WEEKLY MUSEUM,
OR
POLITE REPOSITORY
OF
AMUSEMENT AND INSTRUCTION.

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JACOBA,

COUNTESS OF HAINAULT.

THE records of history seldom present a narrative more interesting than that of the Princess Jacoba of Hainault. *Sunt lacrymæ rerum, et mentem mortalia tangunt.*

For a detailed account of her misfortunes, I refer your Readers to Shaw's Sketches of the History of the Austrian Netherlands; from which I chiefly extract the following abridgement. Connected by consanguinity and affinity with some of the most illustrious families in Europe, and distinguished by beauty and mental accomplishments, Jacoba was married, at the age of fifteen, to the Duke of Touraine, the second son of Charles the Sixth, King of France, who, by the death of his elder brother, became Dauphin a few months after their marriage. The flattering prospect which was opened to her by this alliance soon vanished; for the Dauphin in the second year of his marriage died suddenly, not without some suspicion of having been poisoned by his unnatural mother Isabella of Bavaria, to whom may be applied the character given by Dr. Robertson of Catharine of Medici, that "her boundless and daring ambition never recoiled from any action necessary towards attaining the objects which she had in view." No sooner

did Jacoba become a widow, than her father, with the view of strengthening the inheritance of the House of Hainault, planned a matrimonial alliance for his daughter with the Duke of Brabant, a Prince who had neither personal nor mental accomplishments to win the heart of Jacoba. Her father, however, upon his death-bed requested that she would give her hand to the Duke of Brabant; and his request was backed by the solicitation of her mother, who foresaw that the match would ultimately prove advantageous to the House of Burgundy from which the Duke of Brabant was sprung. Jacoba, from deference to her parents, who were influenced solely by motives of state policy, consented at the age of eighteen to be united to a man for whom she had no affection. This ill-advised step proved the grand source of her subsequent misfortunes: soon after their marriage, an occasion presented itself of exhibiting the conduct of her husband in a light which converted the indifference of Jacoba into feelings of the utmost contempt. Her uncle John of Bavaria, having asserted a groundless claim to Holland and Hainault, took up arms in the former province; and Jacoba, who was *graced with both Minervas*, took the field at the head of her troops of Hainault, and performed prodigies of valour, which were rendered ineffectual by the

pusillanimity of her husband, who spread dejection and dismay among the ranks of the Brabanters. At length, that he might hide his shame, he drew away his forces from Holland, commanding Jacoba to follow him into Brabant; and an ignominious peace was concluded with John of Bavaria. In that age of romance and chivalry, when ladies used to appear in the field of battle, armed cap-a-pee, we may easily conceive the impression which the dastardly conduct of the Duke of Brabant was likely to make upon the mind of his high-spirited and martial consort: she was filled with shame and disgust, and, upon her return to Court, she gave vent to her feelings in strong and indignant terms. This want of policy on her part produced the effect that might naturally be expected upon a narrow and base mind. Neglecting the Princess, the Duke gave himself up to the lowest gratifications; and, not satisfied with estranging himself from her society, he treated her with every mark of contumely, harshness, and brutality. Personal neglect from such a man, under all the circumstances of the case could only excite, in the mind of Jacoba, remorse for having bestowed her hand without being able to give her heart; but his brutal treatment, which must have annihilated the affection of any woman, was intolerable to Jacoba; her contempt was now changed into resentment; and, giving way to the dictates of anger, she formed the resolution of withdrawing entirely from her husband and from Brabant, and retiring into her native country, Hainault. This resolution she carried into effect in the full lustre of her beauty, and when she had attained only her twentieth year. With a heart susceptible of all the tenderness of love, and feeling the anguish of the bitterest disappointment in her union with the Duke of Brabant, she availed herself of a plea for dissolving it, which had been thought so powerful an objection to the marriage, as to render a Papal dispensation necessary, namely, the nearness of blood; and while she sought, upon that ground, to annul her marriage with

the Duke of Brabant, she happened to cast her eyes upon a Prince who quickly made a complete conquest of her heart; and this was no other than the handsome, the brave, and accomplished Humphrey Duke of Gloucester, the youngest brother of Henry the Fifth, King of England.—Jacoba, at their first interview, had made a visible impression upon the Duke of Gloucester; and the ardour of their mutual attachment soon arose to such a height as is seldom met with, except in the fancy of Poets.—But, although the Duke of Gloucester was captivated by the charms of Jacoba, he was not dead to ambition; and the prospect of attaining the sovereignty of so many rich and powerful provinces stimulated his eagerness to annul the former marriage of Jacoba. But, whilst the fond pair were indulging the hope of a speedy accomplishment of their wishes, a powerful obstacle to their union arose in a kinsman of Jacoba—namely, Philip Duke of Burgundy, who, already master of large domains in the Netherlands, was ambitious to augment the power of his House in that country. He aspired to the fair inheritance of the Princess of Hainault; and, with that view, he resolved to use all the efforts of political intrigue to prevent her union with the Duke of Gloucester. But, notwithstanding his powerful opposition to the match, especially in the English Court, where his influence was very considerable, he was unable, to hinder the lovers from accomplishing their purpose. The former marriage of Jacoba was annulled by the Pope; and the Princess of Hainault came to England, where she was received with the most flattering marks of attention by the King and the Court, and married with pomp to the Duke of Gloucester, who now took the title of Count of Hainault, Holland, and Zealand. After some time, the Duke, accompanied by a body of English troops, passed over with the Princess into Hainault, and every thing seemed to promise to Jacoba an uninterrupted enjoyment of public and domestic felicity; but this sunshine of prosperity was

of short duration, and Jacoba's union with the Duke of Gloucester proved to her a source of greater misery than she had yet experienced. Soon after her return to Hainault, she began to experience the effects of the resentment of the Duke of Burgundy, who inveighed with the utmost severity against the levity of her conduct; and, after loud complaints of the wrong done to the Duke of Brabant, he joined his troops to those of that Prince, to oppose the Duke of Gloucester, who was defeated with great slaughter at Braine in Hainault. The Duke returned to England with the view of collecting a force sufficient to make head against his antagonists.— Jacoba at first had determined to accompany him thither; but, overcome by the importunate supplications of the citizens of Mons, the capital of Hainault who promised to defend her during the absence of the Duke, she consented to fix her abode in that city, until succours should arrive from England; but she soon had cause to repent of the confidence she had placed in their promises; for the people of Mons having been seduced from their allegiance by the intrigues of the Duke of Burgundy, she was compelled to surrender, and was conveyed as a prisoner to Ghent. The courage and address of Jacoba did not forsake her in this extremity. Disguising herself in man's apparel, and passing through the streets of Ghent by night, she found means to escape into her province of Holland, where she soon found herself at the head of a numerous force, with which she overpowered her disaffected subjects in that province. The Duke of Burgundy, who, under the pretext of supporting the rights of the Duke of Brabant, had an eye to the aggrandisement of his own House, alarmed at the success of Jacoba in Holland, advanced with his army into that country, where he defeated an English force which had been sent thither in aid of the Princess. This was a severe blow to Jacoba, which was followed by fresh disasters in other parts of her dominions. These calamities were followed by domestic troubles,

which more deeply affected her mind. Pope Martin the 5th having triumphed over Benedict the Thirteenth, by whom the first marriage of Jacoba had been annulled, was prevailed upon by the Duke of Burgundy to confirm that marriage, and to issue a bull dissolving the second marriage, with the addition of a severe clause, by which the Princess was restrained from marrying the Duke of Gloucester, even if she should become a widow by the death of the Duke of Brabant. But the blow that imprinted the deepest wound on the mind of Jacoba was the inconstancy of the Duke of Gloucester, who, under various pretexts, which thinly veiled his passion for the daughter of Lord Cobham, whom he afterwards married, declared his purpose of separating himself from the Princess of Hainault, thereby leaving a stain upon his memory which all his great and popular qualities will never be able to efface. Pressed by the armies of the Duke of Burgundy, deserted by her perfidious subjects, forsaken by the ungrateful Duke of Gloucester, the unfortunate Jacoba, after many displays of a noble and valourous spirit, was obliged to yield to the Duke of Burgundy; and the terms which he prescribed were of such a nature, as plainly declared the motives by which his conduct had been actuated. By one article it was stipulated, that all the dominions of Jacoba were to be governed by himself, with the title of her Lieutenant. By another, that, being now a widow by the death of the Duke of Brabant, she should never contract a future marriage without the consent of the States of her Provinces, and of the Duke of Burgundy. Jacoba was not more than twenty-seven years of age when these rigorous terms were imposed upon her; she submitted to her hard fate with a magnanimity becoming her character as a heroine; and being divested of all authority as a Sovereign, while she retained the name she retired into the province of Zealand, where she lived upon a slender revenue which she derived from the parsimony of the Duke of Burgundy. There, in

those islands that are surrounded by the Scheld, where, dividing itself into many channels, it pours its waters into the ocean, she indulged those melancholy reflections which the unhappy vicissitudes of her life suggested. Sometimes, to relieve her melancholy, she joined in the village sports, and instituted exercises in horsemanship, or in archery. In these exercises, wherein she excelled, and which were so congenial to her active and martial spirit, she was delighted to win the prize, and to be proclaimed by the voice of the villagers Queen of the rural sports. In this manner did Jacoba pass her time during a period of two years, her beauty as yet but little impaired by time or the sorrows of her life—when Love, which had proved to her the source of so many distresses, once more surprised her in her retirement, and prepared for her new misfortunes. Among the Lords of Holland who had been the most adverse to the interests of Jacoba, and who on that account had been rewarded by the Duke of Burgundy, was Francis Borselen, Lord of Martendyke. This nobleman had large estates in Zealand, where he frequently resided. His opposition to the interests of Jacoba had long kept him at a distance from that Princess, till an accidental circumstance gained him access to her acquaintance. Margaret of Burgundy, the mother of Jacoba, having sent her daughter a present of a fine horse from Hainault, and Jacoba, from the extreme meanness of the Duke of Burgundy, being unable to reward the person by whom the horse had been brought, so liberally as she wished; Borselen, who had learned her distress from a domestic, took occasion to present a large sum of money with such grace and delicacy, that Jacoba, touched with his generous sympathy, forgot all the prejudices which she had entertained against him, and intimated her wish to have an opportunity of thanking her benefactor in person.—Kindness from a person whom she had so long considered as an enemy had melted the tender heart of Jacoba into feelings of admiration and grati-

tude, and personal acquaintance prepossessed her still more in his favour (for Borselen to a graceful person joined the most engaging manners.) At length her inclination for this nobleman, growing from the solitude in which she lived, and perhaps also from the hard restraints imposed upon her, became so strong that she could no longer conceal the impression he had made upon her, and love took possession of her heart. The charms of Jacoba had inspired Borselen with a reciprocal passion; and she, forgetting the disparity of rank and the engagements by which she was fettered, united herself with him by a private marriage.

The Duke of Burgundy, who had employed spies to watch the conduct of Jacoba, was no sooner apprised of this marriage, than he hastened to draw from it that advantage which it afforded to his ambition. While he was inwardly pleased, he affected violent indignation. He ordered Borselen to be apprehended, and conveyed from Zealand to the Castle of Rupelmonde in Flanders, situated at the confluence of the Rupel and the Scheld. With a view to alarm the Princess, he caused a report to be spread that the life of Borselen was to atone for the presumption of which he had been guilty. The Princess of Hainault, anxious to save her husband from the danger in which his attachment to her had involved him, collected a small force in Zealand; and, having armed some vessels, sailed up the Scheld, in the hope of surprising Rupelmonde, and delivering her husband. On her approach to Rupelmonde, she learned that her design had been discovered, that a large force was assembled to oppose her and that the Duke himself was in the Castle. Disappointed in her scheme, Jacoba requested that she might be permitted, from her vessel, to speak with her cousin the Duke of Burgundy: and the Duke not declining the conference, she inquired with all the anxiety that love and fear could dictate, if her husband was yet alive.—In answer to this question, the Duke gave orders, that Borse-

len should be brought forth on the terrace that bordered the river, when the Princess, with the ardour that was natural to her, transported with joy at the sight of a person so dear, and forgetting that she gave herself into the power of the Duke, instantly sprang from her vessel upon the shore, and ran with eagerness to embrace her husband.

Philip had now obtained the advantage which he sought; and, detaining the Princess, wrought so powerfully on her fears for her husband, that, in order to purchase his freedom and his life, she consented to yield up to the Duke of Burgundy the entire Sovereignty of all her dominion: so high a price did the ambition of the Duke require for the ransom of Borselen! Having thus obtained the object to which he had long aspired, the Duke took possession of the States of Jacoba; and those Provinces, accustomed to his controul, and by his arts indisposed towards their Sovereign, submitted quietly to his government. In return for the ample concessions of Jacoba, certain estates were assigned to her in Holland and Zealand, which she, setting no bound to her affection for her husband, bestowed in free gift on Borselen, who was created Count of Ostervant by Philip, and decorated with the Order of the Golden Fleece.

Thus was acquired by Philip Duke of Burgundy, and by him transmitted to his descendants, the Province of Hainault, and with it the Provinces of Holland, Zealand, and Friesland. This Prince has been distinguished by the title of Philip the Good, an appellation to which he is in some degree entitled from the general mildness of his government; but impartial history will always reproach him with the wrongs done to the Countess of Hainault: and his unkind and ungenerous treatment of this Princess, his kinswoman; and the unfair advantage that he drew from her errors in conduct, errors that merit great indulgence, imprint a deep and indelible stain on his memory. Jacoba, who, in place of all her pompous titles, now bore only the title of Countess of Ostervant, retired into Zealand, to taste the plea-

sure of a comparatively humble station, in the society of a husband who had given her such unequivocal proofs of entire affection, and whose love she rewarded with the possession of her whole heart. Jacoba died at the age of 36, and was buried in the tomb of the Counts of Holland. During the last and happiest period of her life Jacoba used to amuse herself in framing vases of earthen ware. Many of these were afterwards found in the lake that surrounded the Castle where she resided, and were long religiously kept by the people of the country, who named them the Vases of the Lady Jacoba of Hainault.—*Gentleman's Magazine*.

THE LADIE'S FRIEND.

ON THE UNDESERVED STIGMA CONFERRED ON SINGLE LADIES BY THE TITLE OF OLD MAID.

THE author, through whatever medium he writes, has little to congratulate himself on, however poignant may be his wit, or irresistible his humour, who condescends to fall in with popular prejudices, and holds up persons and situations to ridicule for local circumstances, in which the individual is not to blame, and which, perhaps, all human ingenuity has been exerted to avoid. The moralist should endeavour to reconcile every class of persons to themselves and others, for it is his duty to pity their failings, and reconcile the destinies of human nature, at least not to add unnecessarily to the pains of those who are not fortunate enough to realize the long-cherished hopes of their ambition, yet by their philosophy would still enjoy a degree of comparative happiness, were it not for the undeserved finger of scorn, which points at them whenever they would rise superior to their fate. I allude more particularly to the undeserved stigma of *old maid*, as a term of reproach, and applied perhaps to an object in whom the most amiable qualities reside, and to whom a larger portion of discernment is given than common, ad-

ded to a strength of reason which has enabled her to resign herself to a state of hoped for single blessedness, rather than be wedded to wretchedness and ruin. The common bugbear of the words mother-in-law, I am pretty certain have been the means of making many a family, which otherwise would have been a happy one, miserable, from the prejudices excited against an individual who holds this situation in a family, and which are taken up with as little reason as the affected abhorrence to an old maid; what family of young ladies or gentlemen but do not prepare their whole stock of ridicule at the appearance of a maiden aunt, or dread the terrible intrusion in their disorganized society, of a mother-in-law? But as it is at present my more particular business to consider the single unmarried female, I shall confine myself to the contemplation of her alone, who, disdaining to wed at the expence of principles, preserves her independence, though she loses an unworthy admirer. I shall confine myself to the consideration of the fate alone of the middle aged spinster; for this purpose I shall not pursue her through the medium of caricature; I shall not paint her covered with cosmetics, and affecting that youthful gaiety which her progress in life should teach her to restrain; I shall not hold her up, for it is not the natural consequence of a single life to be so, an antidote to pleasure and a propagator of scandal; but I shall portray her as a disciplinarian in the school of female delicacy, as the lover of virtue, and as the benefactor of human nature.

How many women might have been united to misrule and brutality; how many have become dissipated and profligate wives. How many unruly children, how many spoiled boys and forward girls might have been suffered to grow up pests to society, through the false indulgences of indiscreet mammas, had not the maiden aunt or elder sister interfered. The partiality of parents and their over indulgence have been often corrected by the steady yet lenient hand of those whose love is nearly equal

to that of the parent, but whose partiality does not blind them to the faults of the young offender. Who are the supporters of our charities, or the most religious and discreet among us, but the much to be honoured, venerable, and good old maid! Is it not, then, cruel, is it not ungenerous, to brand the whole set of single women with an odium they do not deserve?

Is it not to be imagined, that if the marriage state is alone a state of true happiness, that all would not willingly embrace it if it were in their power? The love of rule, the lingering desire after still fresh conquests, may hinder the female from entering into these bonds, more or less pleasing, as she selects a proper partner in her fate: and if the female suffers the spring of her life to pass in caprice, her summer in coquetry and indecision, her winter may be passed forsaken and forlorn; but such a one has only to thank the instability of her disposition for her fate, and when the roses which once blushed on her cheek have given place to those more vivid, indeed, but less natural, she may in turn pursue; but the very sportsman who pursued her, now in his turn flies, when in vain she would charm him back by the unreal mockery of what she once was. To her who only looks forward to the marriage state as it may increase her rank and power, or to her who seeks but in a husband a release from the trammels of parental care, if even blest with fortune only, will not long sigh for their object in vain; but the female who carefully weighs her future state in the balance of good sense, divested of poetry and romance, may be wooed and not be won; she may be long, very long, before she meets those important requisites to the wedded life, without which she prefers all the scorn an unthinking world would heap upon her. She carefully weighs the duties she has to perform, the examples she has to set; she wishes for one to assist her wise resolutions, and to correct her weaknesses, and to whom she shall trust her future destiny. Surrounded by married relatives, she

sees one a prey to the most violent passions, the gusts of which destroy the flame it promised to cherish ; she sees another, with cold cutting neglect, freezing the tender flower which it promised to warm by the cheering rays of an habitual kindness ; and she beholds few, very few, indeed, who, mindful of the sacred vow, the oath they have sworn at the altar, who love, who cherish in sickness and in health, that object who relied solely on them for happiness, in whose smiles they alone live, and for whom they have perhaps left all the ties of consanguinity and all the endearing affections of school-day esteem. She sees all this, and she dreads to sacrifice a life of comparative contentment for a short spring of love, embittered with a remaining season of barren joy. She is solicited by birth and fortune, where pride and ungovernable passion brings up the rear. She may be allied to literature and science, but impiety and a love of speculation may attend also : even mediocrity of talent and riches will not bring with them humility ; and should her riches enable her to purchase the humble swain, illiberality and a love of self may make her wretched, while the religious visionary may rule her destiny in gloom and fretfulness. Cease, then, ye wits and wittlings to indulge your facetiousness on a subject which ought to be sacred from your gibes ; you may cause the unthinking maiden to rush from the little evil she knows, to much greater she knows not of ; you may wound that heart which cold neglect or an unpropitious love has already too keenly lacerated ; but you can never convince her, whom it would be an honour to convince, that a miserable wife is a more valuable or worthy object in society than a single woman happy in the consciousness of her own rectitude, and, like the genius of a Hamilton, an Edgeworth, or a More, dealing out experience and knowledge to listening ears, uncontroled by a domestic tyrant, who would perhaps have thwarted all her rational plans for her own offspring.—*La Belle Assemblée.*

THE PIOUS OLD MAN.

Translated from the French.

ONE fine summer's evening, fatigued with the heat of the day, I left my cottage to breathe the fresh air. The radiant sun took its course into Thetis's lap, and its shades, descending from the mountain tops, already spread themselves over the plain.

Soon I lost sight of the hamlet in which I dwelt, and of the thundering forges, where, with affrighted eye, we saw Vulcan's sons, armed with long pin-cers draw from the burning furnace, the sparkling iron, which they plunge into the hissing spring.

The shepherds were conducting from every part their numerous flocks, playing on their oaten pipes and reeds ; the oxen with slow-paced steps were returning from their daily labour.

I wandered in the country, where I only heard the distant sounds of heavy hammers with redoubled strokes fall on their resounding anvils. I insensibly advanced, and lost the ungrateful sound as I got farther off.—How charming is solitude in a retreat we admire, where we can contemplate at ease ! Whilst I continued my walk, I perceived that night's sable veil had covered the earth : far from alarming me, it became agreeable. Ah ! how delicious is the view of a beautiful night.

The air was clear and serene—a cloudless sky covered with bright stars, embellished the azure dome.—Luna arose and spread herself around, and added fresh charms to the rural scene. That likeness of day caused by her borrowed light shining through the woods and cottages, inspires a sweet melancholy. All Nature reposes—scarcely is heard the murmuring of the purling brook which waters the enamelled mead.—What a universal calm ! This awful silence filled my soul with religious and noble sentiments.

I stopped near a smooth lake bordered with willows and poplars, betwixt the branches of which appeared some scattered huts. By the means of the moon's silver beams, with delight I con-

templated on the nobleness of the heavenly arch reflected in the stream ; and the trees, which seemed to lengthen and wave their leaves, agitated by the breath of the gentle zephyr, trembled and floated in the faithful mirror of the stagnate pool.

I seated myself in a neighbouring bower, to reflect at leisure on so many wonders : there I delivered myself up to all the contemplation that so beautiful a scene could inspire, when the sound of a voice drew my soul from the enchantment in which it was plunged. That sound seemed to proceed at a little distance off. I drew back, without a noise, the thick branches, through which I perceived not afar off, a venerable old man—his head almost bald—his face noble and serene—his floating beard, whitened by length of years, imprinted on each beholder a holy respect—he was on his knees at the foot of an oak, whose aged trunk still produced young branches—his eyes raised towards Heaven, which he addressed with ardour. I listened in silence, and heard this noble and feeling prayer, which proceeded from a heart full of the Divinity, which it invoked.

“ O Thou, of whom all Nature manifests with so much grandeur, the existence of infinite power, Father of mankind ! from the height of that sublime throne which is surrounded by innumerable choirs of pure spirits, who are enlivened by thy love, or animated by thy flame, and unceasingly celebrate on their golden harps thy divine praises ! deign a moment to hearken to a feeble mortal, and receive his homage. In the midst of the silence of night I raise my voice ; I repair to adore that Eternal Creator who has drawn me from nothing. The universe, great God, is thy temple.—The solar ray which enlightens the day, is thy image ; the heaven, covered during the night with sparkling stars, forms thy crown ; the immense atmosphere is the dome of thy magnificent temple, where the innocent and pious man is the priest. O ! how can senseless mortals forget that universal and visible wisdom which go-

vern the world with so much splendour ; the aspect of those radiant globes which roll above the clouds ; or those deep seas which encompass the earth, and transport to different nations the treasures spread with so much profusion on its surface ? How, surrounded by so many prodigies, can they forget the Author !

“ Blessed be thy supreme power ! who hast given me birth in the fields, far from corrupted cities, and hast never suffered my heart to possess pride and ambition. Thanks to thy divine goodness, I have enjoyed for many years the real blessings of life, peace of mind, and a happy mediocrity.—Thou hast never ceased to lavish thy gifts on me ; my latter days are all still marked with thy favours : a plentiful harvest fills my granaries ; thou waterest my meadows ; thou causest fecundity to my flocks ; thou fertilisest my vineyards ; thy hand covers my trees with blossoms and fruit, which were never blasted by the northern winds ; and to complete my felicity, thou hast preserved my peaceful companion and my dear offspring, whose tenderness adds charms to our aged days. I have nothing left to wish for but to die before them. I feel ere long, I must pay the debt of nature ; soon I shall add my ashes to those of my ancestors. When I have descended to the tomb, protector of my youth, I recommend my children—take pity on them and on their aged mother : watch from thy celestial throne over their dear lives. O my God, do not abandon them !”

On finishing these words his eyes were filled with tears ; deep sighs arose from his heart ; he could scarcely breathe. I imagined that I beheld something divine shine on the features of this venerable sage. He arose, and with slow steps entered his dwelling, where I still heard him for some time bless the Omnipotent Being. Now Aurora began to gild the neighbouring hills ; the birds already fluttered amongst the thick branched trees, and began their sweet warbling ; the rabbits browsed on the tender grass which was covered by the rosy dew,

whilst the yelping hounds pursued the timid hare: the laborious hind harnesses to the plough the lowing oxen; the lambkins leave their pens in bleating flocks, scattered over the plain, followed by the shepherd singing rustical airs, their features enlivened by the first rays of the rising sun, who had just left the silent wave. My soul touched and ravished by what it had heard and seen, I rose and regained in peace my rural dwelling.

THE BEAUTIFUL ALBINOSS.

THE female known in England and upon the continent of Europe by this appellation has lately arrived in Quebec, and intends to visit the U. States. The race of Albinos is separated into two denominations; the first are the white negroes of Africa, who have light hair, blue eyes, and a white body, resembling Europeans when viewed at a distance, but upon a nearer approach the whiteness is pale and livid; the second are those Europeans who have pink or red eyes, and white or nearly white hair, eye brows and eye lashes. The instances upon record of the existence of the European Albinos are not numerous.—Two boys at Chamouni are mentioned by M. Saussure, the iris of whose eyes was rose coloured, and the pupil when viewed in the light appeared red. In their infancy their hair, eye-brows, eye-lashes and the down of their skin were very fine and of a perfect milk white; but at the age of twenty or twenty-five the hair was of a reddish cast and more strong. M. Bazzi, surgeon to the hospital at Milan, dissected a peasant in 1784, of about 30 years of age, of this description of persons, for the purpose of accounting for the physiological peculiarities of their conformation. A fact related by this surgeon seems to throw some light upon the subject.—“A woman of Milan had seven sons, of whom the eldest and the two youngest had brown hair and black eyes, and the other 3 had white skins, white hair & red eyes.”

The name of the subject of this article is Harvey: and she was born of English parents at a town in Essex within forty miles of London. They had six

children three of whom inherited the same dark complexion with themselves, and three, including the Albinoss, were of the same extraordinary appearance. She is about eighteen years old, and her two brothers were in the year 1816 exhibited with her at the fair of Harlem. * Her hair is most wonderful, it resembles the appearance of that of the beautiful Angola goat, excepting in point of length. It has a beautiful glossy texture; but is rather coarse, and she preserves its beauty by frequently immersing it in warm water, and never uses either a comb or brush. Her eyes are apparently in a state of continual motion, over which she has no controul, and at a distance appear to be almost a bright crimson, which colour softens as you approach her (and change the focus of light) into a soft Indian pink, or a mixture of rose colour and lilac. Her countenance is animated and pleasing, notwithstanding the paleness of her complexion and white eye-brows and eye-lashes.

Her manners and conversation are reported to be well bred and accomplished—and her demeanour distinguished by modesty and feminine dignity. She speaks French fluently and is said to sing with taste.

The eyes of this race of beings are so weak that they cannot endure the light of a bright day; and yet when the moon shines they can see as keenly as ordinary human eyes can, in a perfect light. They are altogether destitute of that black membrane called the uvea; the iris is perfectly white and the pupil of a rose colour.

“The whiteness of the skin and hair is ascribed by M. Bazzi to the absence of the rete mucosum which in his judgment, gives colour to the cuticle and to the hairs that are scattered over it. In proof of this opinion he alleges a well known fact, that if the skin of the blackest horse be any where accidentally destroyed, the hair which afterwards grows will be perfectly white, because the rete mucosum is never regenerated with the skin.”—*Boston Intelligencer.*

* A lock of it has been presented to the Boston Athenæum.

CANINE APPETITE.

Among the multiplicity of diseases to which the human frame is subject, there is none more singular or awful in its effects than the *Canine Appetite, or Balmia*. When under the operation of this disease the patient is affected with an insatiable and almost perpetual desire of eating, in which if he is not indulged, he is apt to fall into fainting fits. "With its real causes, (says Dr. Thomas) we seem not to be well acquainted. In some cases it has been supposed to proceed from an acid in the stomach; and in others from two great a sensibility or peculiar affection of its nervous coat:— In most instances it ought, in my opinion, to be considered as depending more frequently on monstrosity than disease."

Among other cases of canine appetite, cited by Dr. Thomas, is the following. It was reported to the National Institute of France, by M. Percy, a surgeon in chief to the French army:—*Catskill Recorder*.

"A young man of the neighbourhood of Lyons, named Tarare, and who early in life belonged to a troop of strolling jugglers, accustomed himself to swallow flats, enormous quantities of broken victuals, baskets full of fruits, and even living animals. The most alarming symptoms endured by this were not sufficient to overcome this dangerous habit, which became at last an imperative necessity.

"Enrolled at the commencement of the late war in one of the battalions of the army of the Rhine, he sought for the necessary supply of food around the moveable hospital. The refuse of the kitchen, the remains of the messes, the rejected matters, or corrupted meats, did not suffice him. He often disputed with the vilest animals their filthy and disgusting meal: he was perpetually in search of cats, dogs, and even serpents, which he devoured alive. He was obliged to be driven by force or threats of punishment from the dead room and the places where the blood drawn from the sick was deposited. It was in vain attempted to cure his ravenous appetite by giving him fat, acids, opium, and

even pounded shells. The disappearance of a child of sixteen months old gave birth to horrid suspicions of him, and he fled. Five or six years afterwards he was admitted into the infirmary of Versailles in a consumptive state, which succeeded his enormous appetite. He soon after died.

"Tarare was small in stature, flabby, and weak; his countenance had nothing ferocious in it. A thick vapour issued in torrents from his mouth; all his body smoked; the sweat flowed abundantly from his head; and, like other voracious animals, he slept during the time of digestion."

GALEN.

VARIETY.

FROM THE CATSKILL RECORDER.

This is the age of useful inventions. The academy of Lagoda in Laputa, was nothing in comparison to the land of Uncle Sam.—Grammar is taught by a machine in a few days; writing in eighteen lessons, and a language in forty-five. And, what is worthy of especial note, every one's plan, or invention, is the best.—Now in order to prove uncontestably that my discoveries and inventions are the *bestest* of all, I submit a few of them to the public. I claim the merit of the following

DISCOVERIES.

1st. *The Perpetual-motion*. Let a hole be bored through the centre of the earth, from the top of Catskill mountain to the Antipodes. Let a 44 pound ball be dropped in; this ball by the time it reaches the centre will have acquired sufficient velocity to project it exactly the perpendicular height of the mountain, above the surface of the earth on the other side; its force being then spent, it will return to the top of the mountain, and proceed on its second voyage, and so on *ad infinitum*, to the utter astonishment of the Antipodes, who will be as much puzzled with it, as some of the New-England Philosophers were when the moon-stones fell among them.

2d. That Water is entirely composed of aqueous particles, and that it is the natural element of Sharks, although some occasionally live very well on land.

3d. That contrary to the opinion of some philosophers there is actually heat in fire. This important discovery I *fortunately* made by getting my foot *severely burnt* a few days ago.

4th. That the bat and the flying squirrel are two distinct species of birds, and that each are essentially different from the owl.

INVENTIONS.

1st. A "new and improved method" of.....drowning eels.

2d. A steam engine, by means of which the English grammar may be acquired in an hour, *as well* as in a year.

3d. A treble barrelled fowling piece, whereof one barrel will spring a partridge, the second shoot it, and the third pick it up and carry it home.

4th. A machine for pulverizing brick bats.

5th. A concise method of teaching writing, by means of a one horse-wagon.

6th. A rat-trap for catching mosquitoes.

7th. A four wheeled-sleigh, calculated for the West Indies.

8th. A portable grist-mill for ascertaining the longitude.

9th. But the ninth *invention* not being yet *invented*, I shall not mention it for the present.

TWIST.

It is possible the inventor of cards had a moral lesson in view—Let us suppose he reasoned thus to himself—"The man who has the HEART (that is the spirit) to play for DIAMONDS, (that is money) may get into a quarrel, which may introduce CLUBS, which may occasion the necessity of bringing SPADES to dig a grave for his carcase.

DR. JOHNSON

Being asked his opinion of a certain nabob, better known by his riches than his learning, or intellect—"A mere sheep, sir, with a golden fleece," observed the cynic.

LORD BACON

Says, "Men of high stature very often resemble houses of four or five stories, where the *upper* one is always the worst furnished."

Origin of the names of the Weeks.

Lord Mansfield, in a letter upon the subject of English History, says, "the Saxons brought their own Gods with them to England, viz:—The Sun, Moon, Tuisco, Woden, Thor, Frigo, and Seater; and in imitation of the Romans, dedicated to them respectively the days of the week. Hence the names of Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday.

THE DYING INFANT.

The taper was just glimmering in the socket, as the weary and sorrowful mother awakened from her momentary slumber, to renew her anguish: she turned her eyes on her expiring infant, whose dim orbs were slowly turning in their hollow abodes. It was midnight, and nothing was heard but the strokes of the clock pendulum, and the heavy sighs of a disconsolate father, which mingled with the short deep breath of his suffering darling.

Half raised, and leaning on his pillow, he had been watching the dread moment, when a sigh or a struggle should announce that hope and life had together taken their everlasting flight. A sudden flutter drew the attention of the wretched parents from the melancholy object of their meditation—it was the expiring infant's favorite bird, whose food had been neglected ever since the danger of its little admirer had absorbed all other care, and as the sad presage of its fate it now expired. The parents looked alternately on each other, and on the bird, but at this instant, to add to their distress, the candle ceased to burn,—the father seized his infant's hand—the mother felt its forehead, but the pulse was still, and all was cold!!

Faith, in some proportion, is to fear.

For the Ladies' Weekly Museum.

SONG.

Go, tell her her heart is as pure
As the tears of the night on the thorn ;
Go, tell her her eyes are as bright
As the earliest beams of the morn.

Go, tell her her smiles are as sweet
As the smiles of the happy in heaven ;
Go, tell her her voice is as mild
As the last whisp'ring breezes of ev'n.

Go, tell her the hue of her cheek
Is exceeding the hue of the rose ;
Go, tell her her soul is as chaste
As Zembla's unsullied snows.

Go tell her all this, and no more—
But to tell her I love her, forget :
Go, tell her all this—but no more
'Till my grave with her tear-drops is wet.

ALBERT.

—o—

For the Ladies' Weekly Museum.

DEATH OF JUSTICE,

AND

THE TRIUMPH OF WEALTH.

Scene—A Court-House.....Time—Noon.

"HERE, Mercy, take my balance true,
And hold it up on high ;
Unsheath my sword, and to thy view
With Wealth my weight I'll try.

"Come on, thou vaunting fool," she cri'd,
"Come, jump into the scale,
And who ascends shall death abide,
Nor Mercy's tears avail."

"Tis done," said Wealth, "and soon I'll
prove
Thy power is but a dream !"
'Twas true, indeed, for swift as thought
Miss Justice kick'd the beam !

Wealth took the sword—no power on earth
The Goddess' life could save ;
And Mercy, sighing, turn'd aside
To weep on Justice's grave.

S.

For the Ladies' Weekly Museum.

THE RAKE'S SOLILOQUY,

Displaying the sin and folly of those, who
lost to all reflection, and dead to the pow-
er of conscience, are pursuing that course,
for which God will most assuredly bring
them into judgment.

—HAIL night !

Hail sweet promoter of my burning joys !
Now nought on earth can curb my rage for
bliss ;

There's nothing now to impede my warm
pursuit,

Or lie across fair pleasure's glitt'ring road :
The very eyes of heaven itself are clos'd !

Ah ! season sure, of all we find, most fit
To steal the rose, nor feel the rankling thorn.
On opportunity's swift wings I'll ride,
Nor heedless let the golden moments flag ;
Welcome, ye brightest minutes of my life ;
Compar'd to you the sun itself were dark !
Then let me plunge in transports keen and
strong,

And fast enjoy this sweet nocturnal day.
How still ! of silence the most silent hour !
Conscience, where art thou ? sleeping in my
breast ;

Yes—yes, the Sentinel is off his guard ;
Tired of the wounds from Dissipation's lash,
"A truce," he cries, and gladly sinks to
rest.

Come, Pleasure, now put out the rebel's
eyes,

'Tis he who made us enemies so long ;
Remove the cause, the sad effect will cease.
Let's slay him quick, and hurl him from
his seat :

'Tis done—he's dead ! our friendship ne'er
shall die.

Pleasure, I love thee as I love my life,
My every wish is quite absorbed in thee ;
Thy wink to me is intimation strong.
And o'er my mind has all the force of law.
Let others make a covenant with their eyes
And deem it sin to look upon a maid ;
They've leaden souls, and leaden let them
be ;

I'll roam at large, nor wear their monkish
chains ;—

I'll give my senses each a cup of joy,
And learn them all to drink unmix'd delight.
I'll teach my eyes insinuation soft,

And send them out on messages of love !
 Let timid souls anticipate the grave,
 Press forty years into a second's space,
 Outfly the swift wing'd courser Time itself
 And "die a thousand deaths at thought of
 one,"

I'm made for rapture—feelings take the
 reins—

Conscience lie still, nor dare disturb my
 rest. C.

—o—

THE HINDOO'S COMPLAINT.

*Supposed to be spoken by one left to die
 on the banks of the Ganges.*

DESPAIRING, I languish and die !

My heart heaves a sorrowful moan ;
 The soft flowing Ganges rolls by,
 But hears not the long, the last groan.
 Oh ! where shall I seek for repose ?
 Where find the sweet haven of rest ?
 Eternity soon will disclose,
 The misery began in this breast.

Bewilder'd and vain were my days,
 On folly was founded my hope :
 Now death the stern mandate obeys,
 And strikes down the worm-eaten prop.
 Ye hardened spectators of woe,
 Who know not a sigh or a tear ;
 But a tear and a sigh ye will know,
 When lowly like me you lie here.

Oh ! listen—the tale is for you,
 My orisons daily were paid,
 While yet hung the bright drops of dew,
 To the sun in his glory array'd.
 Then through the deep Jungle I trod,
 (There sleep the huge serpents by day)
 There I cull'd from their darkest abode
 The sweet-offering flowers of the spray.

With eager devotion my hands
 Consign'd the weak babe to the floods ;
 I burst through humanity's bands
 To satisfy blood-thirsty gods.
 My weakness did all things for them,
 Whose power could do nothing for me ;
 Oh ! who will the hurricane stem ?
 Oh ! whither shall wretchedness flee ?

My father at work in the glade,
 The trees of the Sunderbund's fell'd ;

There an infant I carelessly stray'd,
 And the parrot's gay plumage beheld.
 I saw the wild tiger asleep,
 In the shade where the rank hemlock
 grows ;
 Had he seen me, one swift glancing leap
 Would have blasted the bud of my woes.

But I liv'd—to despair and to die ;
 I liv'd—but in madness to rave :
 Oh ! better a babe low to lie,
 The grim tiger's bowels my grave,
 Then my sorrows had surely been less ;
 But now (my heart bleeds at the tho't)
 I go to an unknown abyss !
 I die—but my spirit will not !

—o—

SUN-RISE AT SEA.

BY R. S. COFFIN.

I saw thee rise, bright lamp of heaven !
 I saw thee rise from ocean's breast :
 The sight was fair, for calm as ev'n
 The weary waves had sunk to rest.

Spirit of light ! I saw thee climb
 With lustre pure, the dark wove clouds,
 Till thou hadst reach'd that height sublime
 Where DEITY himself enshrouds.

And so, methinks, the Christian's soul
 Ought rise, refulgent orb, like thee,
 Till it hath reach'd its heavenly goal,
 Secure above life's troubled sea !
 O then in vain the waves might roll
 To hide its native majesty.

—o—

TO THE HARVEST MOON.*

BY HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

MOON of Harvest, I do love
 O'er the uplands now to rove,
 While thy modest ray serene
 Gilds the wide surrounding scene ;
 And to watch thee riding high
 In the blue vault of the sky,
 Where no thin vapour intercepts thy ray,
 But in unclouded majesty thou walkest on
 thy way.

Pleasing 'tis, Oh, modest moon !
 Now the night is at her noon,
 'Neath thy sway to musing lie,
 While around the zephyrs sigh,
 Fanning soft the sun-tanned wheat.

Ripened by the summer's heat;
 Returning all the rustic's joy
 When boundless plenty greets his eye,
 And thinking soon
 Oh, modest moon!

How many a female eye will roam
 Along the road,
 To see the load,
 The last dear load of harvest home.

Storms and tempests, floods and rains
 Stern despoilers of the plains,
 Hence, away, the season flee,
 Foes to light-heart jollity,
 May no winds careering high,
 Drive the clouds along the sky;
 But may all nature smile with aspect boon,
 When in the heavens thou show'st thy face
 Oh Harvest Moon!

'Neath yon lonely roof he lies,
 The husbandman, with sleep-seal'd eyes
 He dreams of crowded barns, and round
 The yard he hears the flail resound;
 Oh! may no hurricane destroy
 His visionary views of joy:
 God of the winds! Oh hear his humble
 pray'r.
 And while the Moon of Harvest shines, thy
 blust'ring whirlwinds spare.

* By a wise law of Providence, the September (or Harvest) Full Moon, in northern latitudes, furnishes an extra quantity of light, the difference in her rising for several evenings, not being more than 15 or 20 minutes, which is highly favourable to the in-gathering of the harvest in those regions, altho' at times overclouded by equinoctial storms, the Harvest Moon is also generally indicative of fine weather

NEW-YORK,

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1817.

Intelligence.

Another distressing fire broke out, the 18th ult. in Fayette county, (Penn.) by fire originating down stairs, owing to the carelessness of servants. The rev. Mr. Jackson, the owner of the house and his two daughters, were burnt to death,

as were also the wife and son of a Mr. James Alexander, all livers in the same building,—making in the whole five human beings, suddenly removed from time to eternity.

A Calcutta paper of the 5th of April last, gives a statement of a *Suttee*, or female sacrifice by burning, no less remarkable on account of the firmness displayed by the victims, than from some extrinsic circumstances, which took place at *Khali-ghaut*.

The victims of superstition, in the present instance, were the two wives of a physician, an inhabitant of *Sheva Brazor*, the first aged 23, and the second only 17. The British government, it is said, interfered to prevent it; but finally a compromise was made, that no force, or binding of the limbs should be used, but that the women should, after the fire was kindled, be left to their own free will. Accordingly, the flames had no sooner began to rise than the elder female deliberately walked into the midst of them, and quickly afterwards the younger followed her example; but previously with great animation addressed herself to the bystanders in words to this effect—"You have just seen my husband's first wife perform the duty incumbent on her, and you will now see me follow her example. Henceforward I pray do not attempt to prevent Hindoo women from burning, otherwise our curse will be upon you."

This young woman it is said, then flung herself into the flames, apparently with the same unconcern, as she had been accustomed to plunge into the Hoogly, in order to perform her morning ablution and devotions.

Madam de Stael.—"The evening preceding her death, Madam de Stael after enjoying the fresh air of the garden, sunk into a gentle slumber from which she never awoke. It is said to be a remarkable fact, that apprehending this catastrophe, she never, for some months previous to her dissolution, felt an inclination to sleep, without dread. Having intimated a wish that for three days her corpse might be attended before being forever enclosed in its coffin, and for 6

days (in defiance of the distressing circumstances which reflection suggests) Augustus De Stael did not quit the chamber of his departed mother.

A Lady in England, induced by the melancholy fate of a young woman, who died in consequence of taking laudanum instead of tincture of rhubarb, which had been purchased as such from a druggist, informs the public of a certain antidote against the dangerous effects of laudanum when taken in excess, by mistake or design. Let the patient as soon as possible drink a table spoonful or two of vinegar, or the juice of lemons, and should the person even have dropped asleep, a little vinegar may, with caution, be poured down the throat by means of a funnel. She also recommends it to those who take laudanum as a medicine, and feel affected next day with a head-ache or faint sickness as a consequence, to drink the juice of oranges or lemons.—In confirmation of the efficacy of the above recipe, she asserts, that she had the felicity, under Providence, to save the life of a friend, who had taken a dessert spoonful of laudanum in mistake for the tincture of Rhubarb. In about an hour after, as soon as she reached the house, she administered two table spoonfuls of vinegar, and so happy were the effects, that neither sickness nor propensity to sleepiness were at all evinced, and next morning the gentleman rose perfectly well.

Snake Battle.—In the year 1059, a prodigious number of Snakes formed themselves into two bands, on a plain near Tournay, in Flanders, and fought with such fury, that one band was almost destroyed, and the peasants killed the other with sticks and fire.

A malignant fever or plague, broke out in New-Orleans about the middle of August, and at the last accounts, caused great mortality. A gentleman has arrived in this city who left there on the 24th of August, at which time great alarm existed, and many deaths occurred.
—*Mer. Adv.*

Hydraulic Improvement.—Samuel Deniston, of Lyons, in the county of Ontario, advertises, that he has discovered a method of elevating water one, two or three hundred feet above the fountain head, and without labor, when the machine is once put in operation.—*Alb. Argus.*

NUPTIAL.

MARRIED,

By the rev. Dr. Bowen, Mr. Henry Bre-vort, junr. to Miss Laura Elizabeth Carson, daughter of the late James Carson, esqr. of Charleston, S. C.

By the right rev. bishop Hobart, Mr. Edward P. Arthur, of Ticonderoga, to Miss Enza Haight, daughter of the late Mr. Benjamin Haight, of this city.

By the rev. Mr. Feltus, Mr. Adam Christie, to Miss Julia Reeder, daughter of widow Juliana Reeder, all of this city.

Mr. Isaac Carpenter, to Miss Eleanor Stewart, both of this city.

OBITUARY.

The City Inspector reports the death of 67 persons, in this city, during the week ending the 20th instant.

DIED,

Miss Catharine Le Roy, daughter of the late Jacob Le Roy, esqr. in the 19th year of her age.

Mrs. Susan Garland, wife of Mr. John Garland, aged 32.

Mr. Amos Gregory, of Savannah, aged 19.

Mr. Michael Kavanaugh.

Mr. Thomas Scott, aged 19.

Mr. John C. Crygier, in the 47th year of his age.

Mr. Robert Steel, in the 95th year of his age.

Thomas S. Lester, esq.

At Hudson, Mr. Nelson Reed, of this city, aged 20.

At Tamassoe, (S. C.) Major Gen. Andrew Pickens, one of the most distinguished revolutionary characters.

At Mount Vernon, Richard Henry Lee Washington, grand-nephew of the illustrious citizen of that name.

ON DUELLING.

Who is it then that calls the duelist to the dangerous and deadly combat? is it God? no; on the contrary he forbids it. Is it then his country? no; she also utters her prohibitory voice. Who is it then? a man of honour. And who is this man of honour? a man perhaps whose honour is a name—who prates with polluted lips about the sacredness of character, when his own is stained with crimes, and needs but the single shade of murder to complete the dismal and sickly picture.

Every transgression of the divine law implies great guilt, because it is the transgression of infinite authority. But the crime of deliberately and lightly taking life, has peculiar aggravations. It is a crime committed against the written law not only, but also against the dictates of reason, the remonstrance of conscience, and every tender and amiable feeling of the heart.

To the unfortunate sufferer, it is the wanton violation of his most sacred rights. It snatches him from his friends and his comforts; terminates his state of trial, and precipitates him, uncalled for, and perhaps unprepared, into the presence of his Judge.

You will say the Duellist feels no malice. Be it so. Malice, indeed, is murder in principle. But there may be murder in reason, and in fact, where there is no malice, some other unwarrantable passion or principle may lead to the unlawful taking of human life.

The highwayman, who cuts the throat and rifles the pocket of the passing traveller, feels no malice: and could he, with equal ease and no greater danger of detection, have secured his booty without taking life, he would have stayed his arm over the palpitating bosom of his victim, and let the plundered suppliant pass.

Would the imputation of cowardice have been inevitable to the duelist, if a challenge had not been given or accepted? The imputation of want had been no less inevitable to the robber, if the money of the passing traveller had not been secured.

Would the duellist have been willing to have spared the life of his antagonist if the point of honour could otherwise have been gained? So would the robber if the point of property could have been. Who can say that the motives of the one are not as urgent as the motives of the other? and the means by which both obtain the object of their wishes are the same.

Thus, according to the dictates of reason, as well as the law of God, the highwayman and the duelist stand on ground equally untenable; and support their guilty havoc of the human race by arguments equally fallacious.

MELANCHOLY CALCULATION.

Wars have in all ages been a dreadful scourge to mankind. But history exhibits none so sanguinary and destructive as those engendered by the ever to be deplored French Revolution, particularly those waged by Bonaparte after his accession to supreme power.

A French writer of eminence calculated the destruction of men in these wars as follows:

1 The war of St. Domingo in 1801,	
Soldiers and Sailors,	60,000
Whites of the Island,	50,000
Negroes,	50,000 160,000
2 The war with England,	
from 1802 to 1814,	200,000
3 The Invasion of Egypt.	60,000
4 The winter campaign of	
1805 6	150,000
5 The campaign of Calabria	
from 1805 to 1807	500,000
6 The war of the North,	
from 1806 to 1807,	300,000
7 The war of Spain, from	
1807 to 1813, (French and	
Allies, English, Spaniards	
and Portuguese.)	2,100,000
8 The war of Germany and	
Poland in 1809	300,000
9 The campaign of 1812,	
French and Allies,	500,000
Russians,	300,000
Poles, &c.	200,000 1,000,000
10 The campaign of 1813.	450,000

Making a total of upwards of five millions of the human race, exclusive of the two campaigns of 1814 and 1815, which no doubt would add 3 or 400,000 more.

THE MUSEUM

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